

Polem.

1595⁷⁴

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Letters

1595ⁿ.

LETTERS OF PUBLICOLA,

OR

A MODEST DEFENCE

OF THE

Established Church.

BY A MEMBER OF IT.

“ On this nice subject our first hope, of course, is that all parties
“ may think us in the *right*. But if this be impossible, our next hope
“ is, that they may all think us in the *wrong*; for then we are certain
“ of being on the side of impartiality and truth.”

DEAN SWIFT'S *Church-of-England-Man*.

Dublin :

Printed at the Hibernia Press-Office, Temple-Lane.

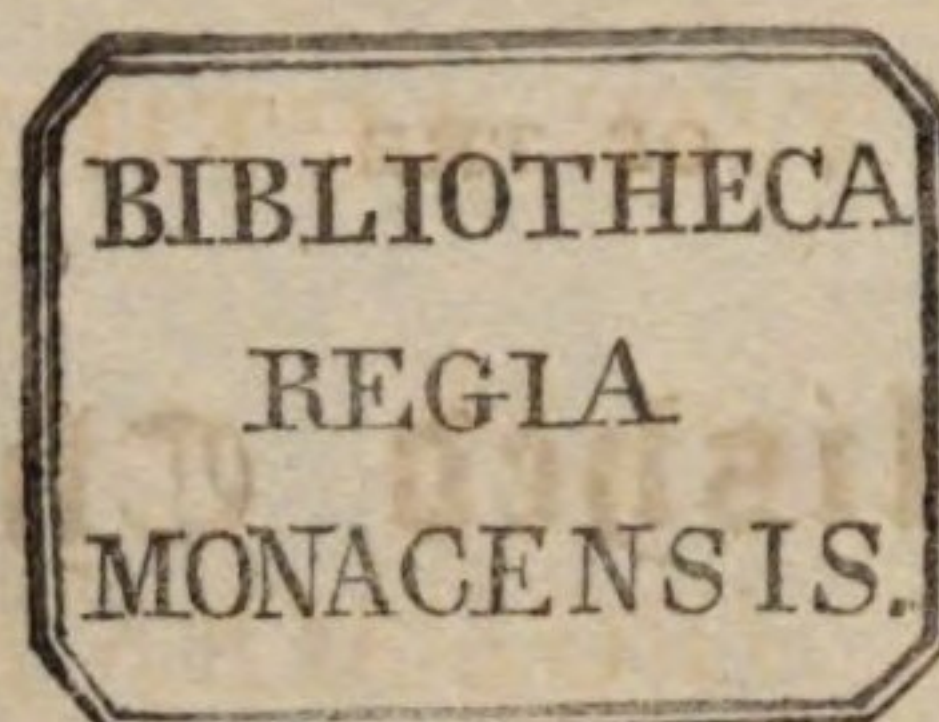
1815.

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DEAR SWISS CHURCH-ENGLAND-MAN.

Dublin:

Printed at the Hibbernia Press, Queen's Quay, Temple Lane.

1815.

HUMBLY
INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED,
(*With Permission,*)
TO THE AUTHOR
OF
AN ARGUMENT,
TO PROVE THAT THE
ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY
IN
ENGLAND,
MAY,
AS THINGS NOW STAND,
BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCIES:
AND, PERHAPS,
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LETTERS OF PUBLICOLA, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

ON the subject of petitioning Parliament to do away the Established Religion, there are a few minor topics, that I must beg leave, with all due deference to wiser heads, to submit to our Legislators in Capel-street.— But I do not know how to avoid well the charge of presumption, at least, in suggesting any thing to such great geniuses; who, as they talk upon and enact every thing, must be presumed to know every thing.

And here, under favour of this philosophical and thinking age, I beg, just to throw out, that some religion, is after all, no inconvenient thing. If I am wrong in this, I must yield to the consequence, that religion itself, being beneath the regard of a man of spirit, wit, and high political importance, then to be sure, all differences about it must be idle and superfluous. And I must then bow to Mr. HUME's definition of impartiality, to which I admit his practice was exactly conform-

able, that "it consists in steering clear of all opinions alike, even of truth itself; for what is truth but an opinion?"

I admit, that the author of the *WEALTH OF NATIONS* is very roundly against all religious establishments. But, then, in the same work, he is so indiscreet as to profess no violent prepossession in favour of any corporate privileges whatever. He is no stickler for public education, the corn-laws, &c.; and he even hints, pretty broadly, the inutility of Parliament itself. In his intellectual feast, the first dish served up, the Church, seems to have been swallowed down fast enough, and to have been found digestible, as well as palatable. But, when the remove came, the State, garnished with finance, trade, &c. though he had an exquisite French cook, yet his guests could not get down a morsel of it. So that we must leave *his* example out of the case.

Possibly it is allowed, in this tolerating age, and enlightened metropolis, to a plain man, to profess himself, without being liable to pains and penalties, a Church-of-England-man. At least he will not be troubled, if it goes no further than profession merely. For nobody is expected to be sincere and in earnest about such a thing, but a very weak man. I own it requires an apology, and perhaps a licence. At least there is no Sta-

tute yet positively enacted against it in Capel-street, so far as I can learn. And I snatch this opportunity, before it is too late, as the act will not probably have a retrospect, seeing that it is in a criminal matter, but will apply to future offenders only.

There are certain excuses for this depravity of owning one-self, in these times, a Church-of-England-man, that I would here humbly beg leave to offer. As first, that an orderly decent form of worship, in plain English, once a week only, and a short word of advice, of fifteen minutes barely, relative to Scripture, and our conduct, during the rest of the week, or that day only, might give an agreeable variety and break to the amusements and more important business of the week.—The same round of amusements and affairs, eternally repeated, would become heavy and stupid to persons of bright taste and genius, as, we own, we all are. Independent too of the circumstance that our passions, relaxing their spring continually, require to be wound up—at least as often as an eight-day clock. Sunday, it is well known, has been of old the great day for bringing up all arrears due to our correspondents; preparing entertainment for the Commissioners of Bankrupts and our longing creditors; and the shops are then shut up for a few hours to prepare them for the time

when they are to be shut up altogether. But some other resource is wanting to unclerical and uncapitalled men. Sunday is the day of rendezvous for the common-people, the bailiffs and holy-day-bucks, as well for those who dare not stir out on any other day—to enjoy all manner of sports and conviviality. The whisky-shops have then as great a congregation in them as if they were so many churches; our great hive of news, the Dublin Library, swarms on that day; and a gingle-horse, supposing him to remain idle the other six days of the week, makes up for it by then performing the work of seven. Now, some kind of religious service would, I contend for it, give an agreeable contrast to all this. It would answer the purpose of a graceful pause or stop in a fine composition; useful, were it only to take breath. It would give a bolder relief, so much admired by artists; an additional force, effect, and dash to the pranks, whether in business, conversation, or amusement, during the rest of that day, and the remaining six days of the week.

We must acknowledge, besides, that though a nation of orators, and born eloquent, a couple of hours rest out of every 168, to the tongue, might be needful. In Church, too, we may get the practice of hearing one person speak at a time. A truce is thus given, also,

to cursing and swearing, at least for two hours. I have often wondered, indeed, that a people, abounding so much, as we do, in ideas and language, should resort to so dull and beggarly an expedient as that of blasphemy. To us, who are so rich in metaphor, it must appear, at least, a very ineligible kind of trope or figure, a sort of expletive scarcely necessary. And though the ancients used to round their periods in that way, it was not, I suppose, because they were Christians, or could pretend any title to do so. However, it has got now into our very petitions; as a proof of which I refer you to MR. LUBE's draft, intended, I suppose, to harrow up the House's feelings on that solemn occasion.

Would there in the next place, be any mighty inconvenience, if the Parliament in Capel-Street would permit us to have one Church only in every parish of so many thousand acres, with a single copy of the Bible deposited there in English, and two persons appointed, a Parson and a Clerk, one to read, and the other to hear, the same? And then carefully, with the most religious observance, shutting up this Church for six days, and twenty-two hours of the week, to leave it open for the remaining two only? And what if, during these two hours, those persons were, for form's-sake, to go through some appointed service, intelligible to both:

even though in many parts of Ireland, there should happen, from love of opposition, contrariety of opinion, engagements, &c. to be no other congregation? I say, if it would graciously tolerate the Church of England, thus far, the latter might serve as a *point d'appui* to more aspiring Establishments. For while, on the one hand, the older sects contend, that the Scripture should not be translated at all; the modern ones, who think themselves full as good authorities, do so over-write, cross, and endorse it with their names and luminous explanations, that the original text itself might, in time, become wholly obliterated. If we had not some Establishment as a silent monument, by way of evidence, that there had existed a revelation, some future antiquarian or critic might have the hardihood to contend, and with some plausibility, that it never existed at all. We ought to consider this well, for we live in a very sceptical age. Every one knows that Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, aided by Mr. Daines Barrington, has proved, to the satisfaction of all his readers, that the whole English History is a fable. Mr. HUME has kindly furnished us with the moral of this fable—to wit; that those other traditions of a revelation and the being of a God, are unphilosophical and *vulgar* notions. This notable discovery was made in the eighteenth century. Mr. Hume's

account of this matter, on HIS great authority and tradition, (under the vehement suspicion only of humbugging us all the while) is now become a part of *liberal* education. And though there seems to be a ready answer to him, namely, that as to the existence of that book, called the Scripture, we must believe this, since it is there, in such a place, by the evidence of our eyes—he obviates that, at once by shewing, that we ought not to trust our senses. Which opinion has satisfied every man, that has the least pretensions to common sense.

I am not here contending that the Established Religion should be reduced to practice. I really do not mean to be so Utopian. Could any man, on this side of Swift's Hospital, contend, that Clergymen (and landlords) should reside—that tythes should be paid as conscientiously to a parson as to an impropriator; that electioneering oaths, (and promises) should be regarded—that a gentleman should, in spite of all shame, in polite companies, candidly and downrightly own that he is, indeed, and after all, guilty of being a Clergyman, so let them make the worst of it;—that the education of the poor children should be attended to (the rich and the old, we know, having no occasion for any); that a man of taste, and letters, and feeling, should read

the service and a sermon with simplicity and unction, to empty pews; I say, I do not mean to contend for half of this. But only, that it might be convenient to set up as a monument, a placard, or butt, a copy of the Scriptures at a given time and place, for men of speculative genius to practise upon. A competent mob also being assembled, might decide, as judges, whether they have hit fairly or not. Thus they will learn to handle the arms of controversy and debate, to appreciate justly the value of public opinion, and to fit themselves to serve their country at the Bar, and in Parliament.

I have several other suggestions to add, which may make the subject probably of eight or ten more communications. All I fear is, that, religion being a subject so universally uninteresting, I shall get no readers. If, indeed, it was about a war, or an election,—the Exhibition of the Elephant, or of Bonaparte—the Corn-Law-Meetings, or a Plague; or if it was only *against* religion, any thing in the world but in *support* of it, I own it might be a different matter.

PUBLICOLA.

LETTER SECOND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

BEFORE I proceed further, I must here express my infinite obligations to the Catholic Committee. I happen, you must know, to be one of their newest converts. I used to be a stickler for Emancipation, seeing that so many of my countrymen had chosen to set their hearts upon it. Without understanding much of the subject, (a very common case among modern statesmen) I could not help wishing it, at least, a favourable hearing. At first too, (as I thought it was not a manifesto, nor a challenge that was to be delivered, but an affectionate petition) I was even simple enough to draw up such a one privately.—And it has remained private, for the Editor was too wise to insert it. Next, it struck me, that a short petition, of a few lines only, from every county, might do full as well, as one from any unauthorised individual; but especially if these had rendered themselves obnoxious to those who were to grant it. The last thing that occurred to me was, that this being a public matter, any Member of Parliament

might, without the form of presenting a petition, move the enquiry; if he could only get another to second him.—But still there possibly might be an indecorum in doing this immediately: so very soon after it had been, upon the fullest consideration, rejected.

In this revolutionary age, from the confusion of our notions, I did not know but that it would, some time or other, be granted; (with a salvo always of the Established Church;) perhaps ought to be granted; and, lastly, that it was possible to be granted—for such is become the natural order of our ideas. But the Catholic Committee have shewn me that such a salvo would be not unlike those in many other Acts of Parliament—wherein the saving clause quietly sets aside the whole statute itself. They have opened new views to me. Such have been their eloquence, candor, and *conciliatory* manner, that they have won me over to the side of their *opponents*. Possibly they may have been encouraged by Government, (which, it is said, is, after all, at bottom, rather a friend to the Established Church) to distinguish themselves thus in gaining proselytes. Possibly, from that delicacy which is natural to all great minds in conferring an obligation, they have done it the most essential service while, outwardly, professing something very like the contrary. Though they have demonstrat-

ed this problem, for the interests of science, that it is not necessary to know any thing beforehand, of a subject in order to *discuss* it, since matters clear up as we go along; they have led our minds through a series of conclusions, (and a very short series too) to discover what they have been all along aiming at. All they meant by the word *emancipation*, was nothing more than a simple repeal of the Established Church. And they have been so generous as to declare that they will not insist upon any conditions—A simple repeal will do.

Thus have the Catholic Committee, (or rather ONE of them has in their name, and on their behalf)—“let the cat out of the bag.” It is true she was handsomely and instantly disavowed; yet it is certain, puss escaped. She has given us, church-mice, I know, a real and most unaffected panic-fright. Providentially, indeed, the Committee previously did, (what the whole commonwealth of mice could not yet find a man hardy enough to do, though many were free enough to advise the measure,) they hung a bell on the cat’s neck, to warn all unwary people of her approach. For this service I am deputed to give, and do hereby humbly deliver our sincere public thanks and acknowledgements. And I take this opportunity, on my own part, distinctly to assure them of my very high consideration, &c.

All compliments being thus passed, let us now proceed to business, since it may be done with safety. But, here again, I am too sensible that all the advantages are with the other, the popular side of the argument. No speech or writing from that side of the question can be so stale or vapid, so dried up of all nourishment for the mind, as not to be received with relish. This we may see in the numerous bills pasted up by the bill-stickers in all the most conspicuous parts of the town, or circulated by hand-bills at the Post-Office, the Courts, and the most thronged places. These are copiously distributed through all the channels of the Press, and thence into their common grand sewer the periodical journals. But any thing in favour of religion and Government remains like a medical conserve in the authors' own private closet, inviolate and unsullied by tongue or finger. The book-sellers really not chusing to follow the business of selling, by commission, to snuff-shops and trunk-makers, so many rheams of boiled rags, however clean; but which, as they have been stained by the printers types, are unfit for the town's service. I have a whole chest filled with an edition, that the children amuse themselves with cutting up into shreds; since I could never prevail upon the booksellers to disperse them for me in any

other way. I suppose the reception, I meet with, is exactly suited to my merit and qualifications to please the public. "Sermons, Sir now-a-days, are mere
"drugs, and won't go down. I am afraid, you have
"mistaken the shop you were looking for. This is not
"the Stationer's. If the Stationer, as I incline to think,
"should beg to be excused, the article will not be
"wholly thrown away, it may supply you with lapping-
"paper all the rest of your life." This judgment, so highly creditable to the taste and morals of the town, may be considered as of the first authority: we have it from the booksellers, who must know; because they have devoted their great abilities and precious time to that study alone, and to nothing else, from their very infancy.

The sermons of *other* Churches cannot well meet with the above very flattering reception, for they never write any. The usage in our Church of committing all Sermons to writing, is a practice, so far as I can learn, observed by no other Communion. What, to ordinary intellects might seem an honourable distinction, has been discovered to be a mere want of invention. It seems that it has been lately found out to be quite an error; that on a solemn occasion, limited as to time, and somewhat restrained by the nature of the place,

a discourse of twenty minutes only, upon a subject rather important and difficult, and not a little liable to mistake or misrepresentation, should be compressed into one or two essential points or *mementos*, set down in writing; and that it should be affected to deliver this in a modest and deliberate manner. Such a dull matter-of-fact way, and a process of thought so arithmetical, (though employed in summing up accounts of some little importance no doubt,) is *narrow-minded*. It is considered to be a *weakness* to furnish thus a written document to produce in evidence to every caviller who may raise a doubt, whether the Preacher has forgot himself or not. How *simple* to afford so irresistible a temptation, and handle, to persecution. This practice, the putting genius into a strait-waistcoat, if tolerated any longer; will destroy or keep down all the growing eloquence and rising invention of SWIFT'S and Capel-street put together. The Evangelical Preachers I omit, as they are privileged; and are apt not unfrequently to confound in some minds *their* qualifications, titles, and supernatural gifts, with those of the Apostles themselves. But with submission, the cases are not entirely similar. Perhaps it would suit our modern Apostles to descend a little lower, and to compare themselves with such common-place men as Cicero and Demosthenes only?

These, we are told, invariably wrote down their speeches beforehand; and after getting them by heart, they delivered them with only such grace and action as the human faculties are capable of. Their cotemporaries, and the rest of mankind ever since, have been, it seems, in the judgment of these high critics, all along in error to admire such models. Short speeches, not trusted to the frail memory alone, but committed, in case of need, to writing, on a roll which the orator wielded in his hand, could move a whole people to act as one man for their country; while our modern effusions move and serve no earthly person but the speaker himself. Our extemporaneous preachers indeed, fill us only with air; having first well-heated their sides and brains, as well as those of their audience, they are able to communicate to all around them this modest illusion only—that they are inspired. I admit that the practice of the Established Church does not quite come up to the ancient model; it is not precisely so animated. But this, perhaps, may be apologized for; their objects being somewhat different. THOSE were on subjects of war—to urge or restrain contending factions, to actuate men just as they found them; and not to make them Christians. THESE are intended to work a mere moral alteration: From these, as from the Sermon on the Mount, we are not

lifted up into the clouds, so as to lose all self-possession, but come away—better men only.

In the system and discipline of the Church, as well as in its tone of public instruction, it was thought a *convenient* thing to discover and fix some point that might serve as a centre between the widest extremes. It is emblematic of an original, not precisely that of Capel-street, indeed, but what the legislators there, no doubt, as cordially look up to and admire, I mean the Constitution. It reflects, faithfully, the orders and degrees of a free and mixed, though rich, monarchy. It represents, and is able to hold converse with all conditions of people; speaking in a language, and with manners, intelligible and suitable to all. Or to speak more allegorically—our Church is a kind of first-cousin to our monarchy. Its eldest brother, the Greek Church, took the vows, and thus amortised himself. Its next eldest brother, the Roman-Catholic Church, chose to go into the service of two foreign States, with which we were at war. And its younger brothers, the Dissenters, set up in trade: some seeking their fortunes in the neighbouring towns; others, elsewhere, through the world. But the Established Church remained at home; succeeding to the paternal estate and mansion.—It is true that this estate had been rather rapaciously stripped

away as to the larger part of it; the whole being too overgrown for a subject: but some of this was conscientiously restored by the Act of First-Fruits, in Queen Anne's, and the following reign. The Established Church, however, preferring its own country and government to every other in the world, succeeded, in the main, to the paternal estate; taking the name, title, and armorial bearings of the family. It fortunately, too, exhibited in its figure and countenance the truest likeness of their common ancestor. Hospitable as a gentleman, learned as a scholar and divine, experienced active and dignified as a magistrate, communicative kind and charitable as a Christian, it would be loved and revered by its tenantry and the whole people: if, on the one hand, it was honestly served by its agents; and if, on the other, the State, its relation, would act ingenuously by it, co-operate with and support it against unmerited neglect, shewing it the proper countenance and affection, and laying aside all illiberal jealousy and envy.

The first Dissenters and the last of the Catholics were not so alienated, however, in their affections from the Church of England, as we are apt in these times to imagine. It is ever to be regretted, no doubt, that both these Seceders, the one from the Church and the other

from the country, had not rather thought of imitating those Lords in the Upper House of Parliament; who, in dissenting from any act, do not, on that account, remain less constituent Members of the House. Had both been satisfied with being not DISSENTERS and ROMAN Catholics, but say, PROTESTERS only, (if I may be allowed the expression,) would they have been less Christians? With a Cardinal Pole and Sir Thomas More, the last great Catholics: or with Lord Essex, the greatest and best of the Dissenters, (in an age when great men were common among the Dissenters,) the English Church could have found it in its heart to have shaken hands—did not the former still think that they could never be scrupulously right in their opinion, unless it had the sanction of the Holy See—and did not the latter feel too highly the pride of independence, distinguished by a line of demarcation and secession.

But let these sects lay their hands on their hearts, and say, on whose side lies the charge of schism? Still the English Church, (as some one has well remarked), is not directly and personally opposed to any one Church existing. It might flatter the vanity of any, perhaps, not a little, if it were. It simply does not acknowledge them. It wishes to take no particular notice of them. Take away from them all, one after an-

other, their extremes, and the remainder is exactly what it professes. Like the Roman Catholics, it admits many decent ceremonies, it respects subordination, and it retains all proper and distinguishing regard for authority and tradition. Like the Dissenters, it recommends and follows simplicity of manners, sobriety, together with the intelligent use and reading of the Scriptures. It is thus more rationally comprehensive than either, or both, of them. And it concurs with the State, in thinking that, for the sake of peace and THE PUBLIC SAFETY, all power, offices and dignities, ecclesiastical or civil, should be entrusted to those only, who will support the ecclesiastical and civil Constitution.

But, in admiring this model, I confess I am grown serious. I should have been laughing all this time with those ironical gentlemen in Capel-street. I beg pardon, and mean to return to them in my next communication.

PUBLICOLA.

LETTER THIRD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

EVERY body knows that religious differences have, for the present, no share in the debates of the Catholic Committee. As if to tempt Government by a sort of compromise, these great diplomatists have agreed to leave religious matters and the Clergy out of the question. A *sine qua non* is secretly implied, that our Clergy, and religious matters, should be left out too.—Religion is a subject, we know, beneath the attention of great politicians, lawyers, and men of the world. The whole scramble is about places and pensions. No attack is levelled exactly at the Established Religion; but merely against certain nuisances, as they call them—which, however, we make use of, for its maintenance and support. And if these be once cleared away, it would puzzle the discoverers of the longitude to contrive how it shall stand after.

As for the mighty nuisance of *tithes*, so offensive to all our political improvers, do we find that *lay-impro-*

priators are more indulgent or less exacting, because they are not enlisted in the service of religion. First of all, I hope it will be granted, (perhaps this is not asking too much), that clergymen must eat, at least, as well as other people. Next, having stripped themselves of the privilege to exercise any profession or trade, (and, as they are ashamed to beg), how are they to be provided for? I suppose they are not to go upon the highway. Tithes are intended for the support of a Minister and religious worship. Let us see how these ends would be accomplished; (not by the Gentlemen I have to deal with in these letters, and who are graciously for becoming impropiators of both State and Church) but by the impropiators, vulgarly so called. Let us select a passage from Mr. SHAW MASON'S Statistical Work, *the Parochial Survey of Ireland*: a book, which, because it is allowed to be a national improvement, I am astonished, as it is in every body's hands, all parties are not engaged in tearing it to pieces along with the author; instead of buying the one, and complimenting the other. In page 228, vol. 1, there is the following passage relating to the Diocese and County of Waterford:—"Kilbarry is a lay-impropriation. Mr. Fox, of Bramham-hill, Yorkshire, the patron and proprietor, maintains no Curate; nor any other service than

that of the occasional duties" (burials I suppose): "for which he allows (the munificent stipend of) three pounds, sixteen shillings, and three pence, per annum. The lands are set tithe-free," (the difference being understood to go into the rent). "There is but one Protestant family in the parish, Mr. Carew's, of Ballinamona. The Church is in ruins, but is accommodated," for the benefit of the parish, "with a Church-yard."

Here then is matter of complete triumph, for the Church's opponents in Capel-street? For here the Church is not kept up, even so much as *nominally*! So encouraging an example ought to be more general; perhaps they would wish it universal. Though, I protest, I do not see how that would make us more truly Catholic. If, too, the demesnes of the Church were taken away, doubtless they would make good deer-parks; and if all the tithes were, at the same time, pocketed by the landlords, (for I suppose the tenants would hardly be allowed to consider these as *treasure-trove*), this new accession of revenue would afford our own resident-impropriators the means for an additional race-horse, perhaps; or a contribution, not in money, but in kind, to the Foundling Hospital; and a hogs-head of claret to boot, for their spiritual edification. And all this would promote, instead of a race of se-

dentary Parsons, the breed of cattle; a thriving and virtuous population; together with the trade, prosperity, and glory of Ireland.

I protest I am open to conviction; I have heard all the arguments; and my poor faculties are absolutely dazzled at the sight of so much promised happiness: but still the point seems not yet clearly made out, that tithes might not just as well be employed to prop up and sustain the Church, as to batter it down. But as our people must have some religion or other, and any is better than none at all; they might stray away, and even trespass, into other Churches. Perhaps, in so forlorn a case, they might be admitted: or that, seeing them wandering about, like a dispersed flock, some shepherd (not of the Alps, but) *from beyond the Alps*, might receive them into his fold, with as much pleasure as those he had never lost; and, thus, good would be produced out of evil. But is not this rather a round-about way of producing it? Have we not, in the present establishment, a more direct one? Or is there not something still better than this, to be expected from the united genius, benevolence, and wisdom of our grand reformers?

Then, as it is usual to far-sighted people to overlook objects immediately under their eye, there are other

losses, that our legislators do not seem to be aware of. If the Church-Establishment were laid prostrate, we should lose Spray and Stevenson ! And though many find themselves easy and light enough without religion, they might not find themselves so without music. As there are so few other performers that we can endure, we should be left without resource. For as Spray and Stevenson were bred up by the Established Church ; if that were no more, they might be sturdy enough to refuse going to any other. Singing gratis at an entertainment is but a poor employment to get their bread by, at least for the next day ; and for the musician's family at home, during even that day. And they are not fit for actors, tumblers, and rope-dancers ; Spray, visibly, is not. Besides, they are demi-clerical ; and may consider the profession of an actor as rather out of *that* character. And, then, what would become of all our connoisseurs ? For, as the play-houses are open at night only, and that for certain short seasons of the year : and as the audience never mind the connoisseurs, but the actors only ; the former would absolutely lose their ephemeral existence, if they could no longer figure in the front-boxes of the College-Chapel and the Cathedrals of Dublin. Where, then, could young ladies kindly volunteer their talents at a charity-sermon, out

of pure benevolence? And, possibly, if entreated sufficiently, they might be induced to gratify us with the accompaniments of the castagnettes or tambourine. I think, if we are only allowed to go on, we may anticipate this last improvement: the present age seems to be on the very verge of it. Then, these charmers might, for charity's sake, mortify our ears; without any, the smallest, imputation, I am sure, of vanity. But all this would be forfeited, if we laid prostrate our Churches. For what place or time could be so peculiarly proper for a connoisseur and amateur to admire and be admired, as Church, and in the very act of devotion? Instead of the responses, or devout attention, that used to prevail in a less improved age; we, every now and then, are transported at hearing "How fine that was! Is not Spray charming?" And, when the castagnettes and tambourines shall be introduced, (I suppose by the Legislature?) as our feet have a mechanical sympathy with those instruments, the lines of the poet will then be true, in good earnest,

"Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,

"Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven."

One day, if I am not misinformed, a female of some distinction, by her appearance, and of a very advanced age, upon being refused entrance into a pew (which was occupied, doubtless, by a very strong BAR) was obliged

on the outside thereof, without further ceremony, to seat herself on the floor. The pew was filled with young *dilettanti*; having nicely-adjusted cravats, and white teeth; their crests too being duly brushed, and forked up. These were languishing with ecstasy at the fine *soprano* imitations of old Matthews and young Jager. Many grave persons stood wondering for some time at this spectacle. But they were soon satisfied that all was correct and proper, upon being whispered that that particular pew was allotted to those, who had *graduated*: and that these youths were the rising hopes of the Bar; the Church and Drawing-room; and the University. It is true, the pews are mostly taken; and if the Churches hold as much as they will contain, some additional ones, if the Gentlemen in Capel-street will grant permission, might be built. Or as wars and insurrections convert Churches into Barracks, peace and good order might do the contrary. In those Churches, too, that we have already, *upper galleries* might be constructed; with the addition of a pit, and communion-boxes. All this is matter that is easily adjusted, and admits of amicable composition. Though I am free to grant that, as to the above-mentioned female-performers, and the last-mentioned connoisseurs; the losing or the retaining such votaries, is no argument, one way or other, either

for or against, a Church Establishment. Might not both just, as well, expose themselves at the orchestra or stage-box in Crow-street? Their next transition will then require but one step further. I am candid enough to grant that, for such objects, in the way to a mutual good understanding, the Church would neither quarrel with the Stage, nor this with that. Which reminds me, by the way, of a picture once painted by Angelica Kauffman. In the early part of her life, she had, it seems, hesitated whether to consecrate her genius to music or to painting. This she represented, modestly enough, by drawing these two rival muses contending for no less a prize—than herself. But, from some unhappy effect in the execution, the goddesses had, I thought, somewhat of a perverse expression; and each seemed, with rather *une politesse repoussante*, contending which should make a compliment of her to the other—both parties requesting to be excused.

Besides these important consequences; if the Church were once put out of the way, the interests of that greatest concern of all would suffer;—I mean the Press. What would become of the Press? For, as there would then be no Church to write *against*; so also it would be too late to put in a kind word on the merciful side, after it was once condemned and executed. And their

panegyrics would make but a very sorry epitaph on its tomb. But I do not mean to accuse the heroes of the Press of so great a weakness as to be the defenders of the Church. By writing *against* it, they make out a very decent livelihood: “but if a hundred such pens, and tongues, were employed in its service, they would long since have sunk into silence and oblivion. If the Church were once no more, how could these fine-thinkers, strong reasoners, and men of profound learning, be able to find another subject, so calculated, in all points, whereupon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius, by continual practice, has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion; and would, therefore, never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject. We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit amongst us; and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected such writers for wits, or philosophers, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand, to provide them with materials? It is the wise choice of the subject, (and of our party,) that adorns and distinguishes a writer.”

However, the silence of so many tongues and pens would be a loss, that, possibly, after a time, might admit of consolation; if that were the utmost sacrifice required for giving up the Established Church. Or possibly the lesser loss would be swallowed up in the greater. But think only of the further consequences. For immediately upon repealing the establishment, we should either relapse into supine confidence in a foreign Bishop, (too far off from us for our temporal or spiritual comforts): or into a general oblivion of all religion whatsoever: or (which I rather think the most probable of the three) we should have pretty devout contentions about it. In the two first suppositions,—as, in the one, nothing transpires,—and in the other, nothing is said; there will be nothing for the Press to report. In the third; the authors, editors, compositors; down even to the press-devil, will be engaged in a more active warfare. Books and boxing, the proper weapons of authors, are mere sport, compared to the scenes which would follow. But it is a matter of old, as well as modern, experiment; that leaden bullets agree much worse with human palates and stomachs, than paper ones. Whereas, at present, the speeches and debates of the two houses, (in Capel-street) are only so many innocent wind-guns; that make, by their report, a smart

and lively popping, enough, in the newspapers. Now, while a body of Clergymen are kept up, as objects not very easy to miss, and perfectly im-passive, these might divert our parliamentary marksmen from aiming at each other, or at the State. Though, still, some have thought the Church too nice an object for such inexperienced and raw recruits to practice at ; it being always so near the State, and so like it, that perhaps the best shot in Europe, could not hit one, without, at least, grazing the other. Whether, indeed, the State would stand fire, in this way, with its usual sang-froid, is a problem for itself to determine. What if it stood behind the Church ; only to back it ?

Other marks, perhaps, after all, might be substituted, and answer the purpose, full as well, as either Church or State: So, the Historical Society, the other day, upon the Provost insisting that at their debates the Church and State (together with the discipline of the College) must be let alone ; came, it seems, to a resolution that they had nothing left to do ! And, yet, one would think that there are several easy questions in morals, taste and science ; which its members, to judge from their conversation, had better discuss a little, for the first time. It might conduce to their country's glory, quiet, and safety, as well as to their own. Possibly

the Provost and Fellows, who were once boys themselves, had at the same age, (we may say it, I hope, without the imputation of vanity) equal sense and promising for their years? It would seem to have almost a mathematical certainty in it, that these *old* Fellows, at forty or fifty, have somewhat more experience, than they could well have had at eighteen, fourteen, or twelve, years of age? There are certain other old boys, who have finished the College-course some years; and who, one should think, might be satisfied to worry the Bar, the Theatre, and the Town, leaving that poor old gentlewoman Alma-mater alone. The matter is, of course, in good train to be decided before that great Court of *dernier resort* in Capel-street.—Certain learned Newspapers are expressly feed as counsel to argue the case for the youthful appellants. It might I fear, be construed a contempt of Court, if not a downright premunire, or misprison at least, to anticipate its judgment. But between ourselves, (you will not let it go further) I suspect that in this, as well as in the other points before it, in the progress of the argument it will chance to learn something about the subject, however much in the dark at the beginning: and it may consider that there has not been a proper case made out, to interpose a visitatorial jurisdiction. PUBLICOLA.

LETTER FOURTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

WHAT a pity it is, that transcendent geniuses must have always sublime views in contemplation; and that they will not turn their legislatorial eye towards any object lower than the Church and State! Allow me, Sir, to suggest a few subjects for their wise deliberations. What is to be done with the Statue in Stephen's-green; and the Corporation of Dublin? Is it their pleasure to *pull down* one, and *set up* the other; and which? For so far as one leg goes, the former would be down already, only that it has luckily some other supporters to rest on. I could imagine at least 200 questions concerning the Statue and the Corporation; as long as there is a tail left to one, or a head to the other. Where shall the Wellington-Memorial be placed? Shall it be in the form of an Obelisk, a Column, or a Triumphal Arch—that is, a spit, a candlestick, or a baby-house? Of what order, pray! ancient, modern, or gothic—or neither this, nor that, nor t'other. How many more matters does this comical, ingenious, and absurd town

present to the Censors in Capel-street? Two in particular, offer themselves, this moment, to my recollection: concerning which their Attorney-General might be directed to prepare and bring in a Bill forthwith; or as soon as the pressure of more weighty public business will permit. I have often been eye-witness of, and can bring clouds of witnesses before the bar of the house to attest, the following facts. The scavengers of Dublin chuse some day, when a long fit of dry weather has reduced the dirt of the streets to powder; and that particular hour (about two o'clock) when every body is walking out, pounding and stirring it well for them with their feet. The scavengers watching that lucky moment instantly bring out their riddle-carts—and, aided by the advantage of a smart breeze, they begin to raise the dust about them: while the windows of the houses, being most conveniently open for the purpose, take in all that is not carried away in the lungs and pockets of the passengers. By this means, no less than 200 loads, perhaps, a week, of dirt remain totally unaccounted for. All which is, clearly, so much lost to the Exchequer of the Board.

The other practice is the counter-part of this. The next clearance-day, chosen by the scavengers is either immediately after, or at, a great flood; when the rain would

absolutely carry off every thing along the kennels, if they would only let it alone. Instead of this, they by certain hollow shovels contrived for the purpose, ingeniously pour all the water they can catch into large slop-bucket carts. This treasure, as black as ink, but more fluid, jolted by the movement of the vehicle over a pavement, not the most even in the world, splashes over, from right to left, in waves: and wherever it falls, cannot fail to drench any gaping spectator it encounters in its way; paying all due compliments, no doubt, in at the windows of every carriage that has the fate to meet it. Till at length, by the time the carts arrive at their journey's end, they are clean-empty.

What if a bill were to be brought in for the relief of some of the Dublin Newspapers? Possibly the legislature has heard of these petitioners already. Opposition, perhaps, may be made on the score, that their scribes are always raising expectation of some terrible event that is to happen—some political, or other earthquake—and yet we wake the next morning, and the morning after that, as well as if nothing had happened. Possibly if they burrowed under-ground in cellars, they might be more likely to have the earliest intelligence of such a disaster; than in those high habitations where they chuse to dwell, immediately beneath the roof.

Their fall too, from such a height, must be the greater; though this is of no very material consequence, to be sure, in a general convulsion;—however, in the mean time, they may have wider views, it must be admitted, of every thing that affects the public safety. From these political eyries, they are ever sounding the alarm-trumpet. But, with submission to those who oppose me, though these poor fellows threaten and frighten us a good deal, they are perfectly harmless; and mean only to exemplify daily, the ass braying in the lion's skin. If, instead of hearing these scribes, we could only see them, we should be at ease. *Their* petitions too, might easily be granted. They might even be anticipated, by the register-book, or English lists—the weathercock of all true politicians. By this we may know from, or to, what point their wishes aspire. It would be an act of charity *to them*, an Act of Parliament. And if they would hush any tempest they have raised; or would only not blow too violently upon that moveable element, the opinions of the town: such an act would then be, what they affect to call it, a real *public* benefit. When you hear their orators say, “That the country is discontented—that all Europe may be in combustion”—do not be alarmed. There is nothing in it at bottom. The editors only mean to con-

vey, "that they are out at elbows a little at present." Perhaps their tradesmen have made a run upon them that morning. When Government hears from their columns, "we shall all be ruined, &c." that is a harmless trope, a mere figure. It signifies only that the writer's "finances, (and perhaps his head) are not quite in such good order as they should be." That is the whole mystery and cause of the hubbub. Believe me, he could quiet all Europe, if he could only pacify his washer-woman. Or, perhaps his landlady, or his tailor, in their last ultimatums, insist upon some *sine qua non*, as the only basis of a treaty. A place or pension would, doubtless, arrange *that* for the country.— A boiling genius, with pressing demands, ushered in by half-a-dozen, very unparliamentary protests, raise up to a man of high airy speculations, a cloud of expedients for the public service. The consequences may be fatal enough, if Parliament, in its bounty, does not interfere. And no doubt a man would prefer a seat in any house, (without or with a pension) to Swift's Hospital, or the Marshalsea, upon bread and water.

Allow me, Sir, to move this Honourable House, that a copy of the proceedings of the late Catholic Board, may be presented to the Dublin Library. That institution keeps a kennel of reasoners that, like a pack of young

hounds, are ever whetting their teeth, in pulling and dragging at whatever game they can reach; even though it should be nothing better than the pockets of poor clergymen. Now, a sheep-skin, stuffed with straw, would afford a more innocent diversion; and is, unquestionably, cheaper. With what delight would they leap up, whining with pleasure, upon the Secretary, as he comes in, loaded with his present. But really the Dublin Library is so hopeful an institution, that I am in doubt whether to apply to this House to befriend it, or to let it alone. It relieves those, who have the care of public education, from much of their responsibility.—Its professors, some of them, have been formed by the College; which has thus, very providently, furnished stones and clods of clay to fling at its own head.—Formerly the Dublin Library was only a part of the College-course; now it has supplanted it. For, at Burgh-quay, persons may arrive at the highest academical honors, not only without going through a College, but even a common Grammar-school. Feinaigle himself could not better qualify his scholars to speak, without the cumbersome apparatus of ideas. There, it is not unusual to see hopeful youths, instead of listening to the instructions of a DAVENPORT and a BRINKLEY, sucking in the political lectures, the history and rhetoric

of speakers, whom I would make honourable mention of here, but really I could never yet learn their names. Not only do its members utter foreign-coined words, knowing them not to be lawful; but possess, at home, all the implements for coining them, even when they cannot be imported ready-made. And as to its writers, these stand convicted of that heinous misdemeanour, wrong-spelling, under their own hands and signatures. There, no man of genius ever turns over any other folio or quarto, but a newspaper. Indeed scarcely any other journal or file is consulted now by men of overgrown business. The literature of the last age, every one knows, was a literature of pamphlets. These were nothing else but hashes, cooked up by French ragoutists, out of those cold solid dishes, the learning of the two preceding centuries. At present, no one touches even a pamphlet. Nothing is relished but a news-paper. (What else is a review, but a literary newspaper, highly seasoned with certain forced-meat balls, or libels, in the form of an octavo-pamphlet.) Whenever I enter a large library of well-assorted books, all laid by decently, in the dust, on shelves; I fancy myself walking through the silent catacombs of the mouldering dead. But the newspapers are living knowledge; presenting men and manners as they rise: "the very body and temper of

the age we live in; its form and pressure." With the physiognomies of the dead we are acquainted, only by their pictures. But as to the living authors of newspapers, we have an opportunity of seeing daily those great men, the originals of flesh and blood; of hearing and conversing with them, to our equal edification and delight. Thus, too, among the rest, we have an opportunity of shaking hands with that living author, and greatest dramatic-writer of the age, the dog of Montargis. This fine genius has divided the town full as much and with almost as good a title, as the Catholic Board itself. He excels all our dramatic writers for plot and counter-plot. What sagacity and *tact*, in finding out the real taste of the town. What power of producing true stage-effect! All these great qualities were set against the modesty and coy punctiliousness of the manager. The latter had, thought proper to break an appointment with either the dog, or the public. The manager was a gentleman forsooth; and could not be expected, you know, to make an apology. For, in Dublin, the public is nobody. It has no right to call a man out. Yet Garrick would have made an apology; and even to the public's *dog*, if necessary. But Garrick, who might have assumed to be *above* his profession, was satisfied with being equal to it.

In this masquerading town, how men have exchanged characters. The stage is occupied by gentlemen, and the drawing-room by singers and actors. This is the reason, perhaps, why the former is so dull, the latter so saucy, and both so insupportable. Our shops are served by buckeens and politicians; the chapels by lawyers and physicians, to probe and cure the church, no doubt. Our barouches are occupied by office-clerks; while men of family and estate, sit on the coach-box to drive: and our Exchange is frequented, not as the most central place for business, but for the Commissioners of Bankruptcy. PUBLICOLA.

LETTER FIFTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

BUT to return from what must be allowed to be a digression, from pulling down and prostrating the Church. And here I conjure the representatives of the late Catholic Committee to consider, in their wisdom, whether, if that were the case, the Pope himself might not be in danger. He is hardly able to stand his ground as it is;

without the protection of this *heretical* Church. We are struck, no doubt, with the title of "his most Catholic majesty—the most Christian king—the eldest son of the Church, &c." But, it seems, he can hardly be in worse hands than of such undutiful children. It is not clear to me that he would not, long since, together with his temporal dominions, have been devoured by his own offspring. Malta is the watch-tower of Christendom, against the Turk and Russian; but what Church keeps the garrison?

With regard to civil œconomy, (for the other, it must be admitted, is political only), might not our Church, by its fences, enclosures, and party-walls, serve as a barrier to keep one sect of Christians from falling foul upon another? The Dissenters, we know, are not brought up with the profoundest reverence in the world for Priests: these, on the other hand, think *them* no better than they should be. The Dissenters were, the other day, pretty publicly honoured, in one of our petitions, with the title of *deserters*. Now, who knows whether, if the Church's asylum were removed, his Holiness might not be able to get at these fellows; and execute *his* law upon them? Might not the Church's officers be necessary; if it were only, as a sheriff or constable to keep the peace: or as a judge, to give every

man the protection of the law, till found guilty by his peers—or, at least, by a court-martial? Of the various kinds of inquisitions, I confess, I prefer those under either the statute or the common-law, to those in Spain. The Pope, it is said, kindly interposed the other day on behalf of some strayed Lutherans at Venice. For, of old, his paternal care extended, we know, beyond his mere *temporal* dominions. Who knows, whether, in the minds of some people, our Church may not obtain the title of deserter too. Possibly, in that case, his Holiness might be satisfied with its kneeling submissively, having a rope about its neck, after being properly scourged; and acknowledging at the shrine, (for the scaffold is too ticklish an honour in these days) that it has all along erred: and that this *amende honorable* would do, leaving the rest to his Christian clemency. To a poor offender in such a plight, how consoling the reflection of his brother-sufferer (the Dissenter) would be: “aye, we may thank ourselves for this!” And it is a very available security, no doubt, his having in his pocket (or memory) the past general professions of regard by the Catholic Committee, with their parole promises, now, not very distinctly recollected. Those general acts too, of moderation and liberality, might then turn out to have been used purely for argu-

ments-sake. That should have been the understanding of the parties. And this reminds me, by the way, of those pathetic acknowledgments one reads often in the papers from sheriffs, generals of districts, and members of parliament, in return to their constituents. “Deeply impressed with.—“ It is impossible to express my feelings on this occasion.” “ It has ever been the object of my wishes.” “ The welfare and prosperity of your country will ever be nearest to my heart, &c.” Which gracious communications, corresponding as the bass to the treble, in any other harmonious composition ; are drawn up at the post-office, along with the original address : while a chaise is waiting at the door to convey the impatient writer away, for ever, from all that is so dear to him.

But, as we are writing to politicians, we must use a little more of their language, and way of reasoning. Might not the continuance of the Established Church be *convenient* to unite the Catholic Orators and their Clergy together, as against a common enemy. When this is no more, who knows how long the former may remain dutiful and obedient subjects to the latter. At present each professing distinct objects, one “ the state ” only ; the other, “ purely spiritual considerations,” they cannot well clash together : as the universe, doubtless, is wide

enough for both. But when both corps rendezvous in that aggregate Meeting, called Parliament, they may happen to come in contact. At present, the Orators profess "civil" views only; while their spiritual directors keep a respectful silence upon, and distance from, all political squabbles. The clergy, indeed, graciously afford a Chapel for the two houses to debate in, that the desired consummation for us may be proceeded in. They do not personally mix in the battle; satisfied with having delivered a consecrated banner only. But how long will this good understanding last when both parties come to divide the spoil? And can there be a more politic method to preserve them in their present Christian and relation-like amity and agreement, than to keep up our present establishment: thus producing, like Haydn, a difficult, and rather noisy indeed, but incomparable harmony of discords?

Were it otherwise, it must be admitted the Church has a great temptation and encouragement to grant every thing it has yet kept back, the very grateful returns it has met with. Such a plentiful crop of thanks it has reaped, that, doubtless, its seed must have fallen on a rich soil. What an amazing harvest of merit and talent it has produced, may be seen by looking only into the stores of the Catholic Board. But to drop that

metaphor, and speak seriously. Let us only cast our view around that august house in Capel-street. What a splendid train of Legislators, Generals, Orators—what philosophers and diplomatists present themselves to our eyes. And all these public-spirited men offer to the State, at one and the same time, their services. All I am afraid of, is that it may be absolutely choked and suffocated with so much merit. The poor Church is in so great want too of able-bodied servants at present; there are so few on its list for promotion, it wants reinforcement no doubt, from such powerful auxiliaries. Yet if it were not too puerile a topic, in this grave enquiry; one might ask—Who, and in what assembly, called forth the inspired powers, and gave a voice and audience to KIRWAN?—who instituted PLUNKET to speak as SWIFT wrote?—who trained GRATTAN, and matured PONSONBY?—under what instructions, and in what school did BUSHE acquire that luminous dialectic, figuring through all the evolutions, and pliant movements of the most subtile oratory; which, in the very moment of victory, deprecates and parleys with the vanquished; and, in that of defeat, at least, deserves the palm?—who nurtured the family of Mornington (in which genius would seem to be almost hereditary) a

family that gave a Wellesley to persuade, and a Wellington to vindicate the world—

“Μυθῶν τε εἰρηρᾷ εἶμεναι, — πρηνήρησιν τε ἐργῶν.”

Need I mention the lamented BALL too fatally cut off! before he had yet attained that station for which he was born; with all that judgment, that meekness, and modest interior dignity that were misplaced and cold in an advocate or partisan, but which could have been fully disclosed to view, in the character of judge only:—calculated to compose, and not to stir up civil dissensions, but rather to soften and to reconcile the heroism of a high-minded people to lawful authority:—of whom it would have been said, if he had lived but a little longer—

“Nestor componere bella

“Inter Peleiden—festinat, et inter—Atreiden!”

Need I add, a Castlereagh, versed in all the dangerous labyrinths of the most intricate and profound diplomacy?—or a Sheridan—a Curran—a Burke—a Moira—

“Sed quo me rapis fessum—Musa!”

This Committee are ever bewildering me along with themselves. Or perhaps it was only an *ignis fatuus* that they are presenting to mislead me for their diversion. They are only laughing at us; indulging all the while, rather, it must be owned, a *rough* kind of pleasantry. They never meant to reason in dull school-boy

earnest, and poor matter-of-fact discussion. I must rein in this winged steed, called a pen ; and treating it like any other wayward mule, trot or jog on with my brother-authors of the age, in the plain cross-road of my subject.

Not only does this munificent house drench us, like any Pipe-water Committee, with a flood of merit, so over-abundant, that they do not know what to do with it ; but they kindly put us daily in mind of our wants and distresses. And, doubtless, a plain man might confound our Church with the picture of an easy landlord ; that leaves matters to his stewards and agents : satisfied if he has a great rent-roll, and if rents and fines are paid, together with the being put to as little expence, trouble, and care, about such matters as possible. It has been likened too, by some of its friends, to a sine-cure-officer. The Catholic Committee may perhaps induce it to get over this "*vis inertiae*." Not, I hope, by starving the offender, or shooting it through the head ; still less by prevailing upon it to commit suicide. It would be presumption to suggest to that august body, the Catholic Committee, to read SWIFT'S "project for the advancement of religion, and the reformation of good-manners." They are, we know, above all such sordid views, However, in that tract, nor is it written

ironically, but in good earnest, the cause of the evil is shewn; but, what is highly paradoxical in modern reformers, a practicable remedy also. And what is still more vexatious, and will appear, to some people, somewhat *impertinent*, he pretends to shew that the Church is not the only ONE among us all that wants a little *self-reformation*.

And here setting aside all irony, for never ought the pen or tongue to express any thing directly, or covertly against the ministers of religion; it being impossible for those who respect THIS to treat THOSE with irreverence—and if we cover the faults of those we love, we shall hardly expose the faults of those we both love and reverence: here, I say, I am fully aware that the characteristic of our Church and State, is the faculty, combined with the disposition, of self-reformation. I am aware that while liberty, which supposes order, is upheld by the Press; this latter, (shunning licentiousness as an act of suicide) so long as it is the just organ of public opinion, is serviceable to Church and State, by keeping both ever on their GOOD-BEHAVIOUR. This is the great blessing, self-denied to absolute Princes; so that I had rather be Buonaparte, a private man in England, than Emperor of all the Russias. Being thus advised, I shall, in common propriety and decency,

take it for granted that, without any suggestions of mine, our Church and State, will always know when and where to correct, even though the object should be themselves; and that upon any emergency which calls for it, no human consideration shall make them flinch from that painful duty. Supposing, therefore, (for fear of presumption) no such extreme urgency *at present*, to demand their interference in the austere but wholesome character attributed to the Censors of ancient Rome; (and with which, by our constitution, the Church is more peculiarly invested) I trust, that whenever that occasion shall arrive, it will, after making a judicious selection out of all blameless churchmen, beginning from the highest rank, and proceeding downwards, a selection of persons worthy, by their character, their piety, and their learning, to exercise the sacred office: that it will then, in one morning, deprive 20, or 200 if necessary, of those who can abuse such functions. The State, in authorising such a measure, will only be reviving the masculine government of Elizabeth; or of Pitt, in these modern times. On such an occasion there will not be now, as on former ones, any mistaken scruple of honour or expediency to stop their hand; or any unmanly delicacy on the part of the new incumbents, to fill the places of their unworthy predecessors.

And as to the operators, they must feel no more compunction, than a resolute father, or an affectionate mother trampling under foot the fears and tenderness of her sex, to save the life of their child. Such a measure would surpass, for the popularity of it, any thing that has ever occurred in our history. It would call forth the united hearts and voices, with thanksgivings and public illuminations of all people of every religious denomination whatsoever. And then, (but may there never be occasion for it, though it is the *occasion* only, and not the *measure*, I would deprecate) then, the ex-ministers would still have to console themselves that they are the subjects of a moderate and tolerating Church and State. For if they had been subjects of Russia, and members of the Greek Church, there established, they would incur the almost absolute certainty of being sent off even BEYOND Siberia. But let us quit this ungracious topic—satisfied that, with wise men, it is sufficient to have adverted to it; not as fatally necessary, but as an event, in the nature of things, but too possible. If such an office can be abused, it is better not to see nor talk of the objects, for RELIGION'S SAKE, but to remove them at once from view.

PUBLICOLA.

LETTER SIXTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

LET us pass on to SWIFT's project: the principles of which, I trust, have been early, and deeply, instilled into the mind of the future Queen of the United Kingdom. SWIFT was not a man to deny to Church and State that faculty which is claimed by the poorest individual; free-will, and conscience for self-reformation. Those who are so great sticklers for liberty, freedom of religious opinion, and of the Press, &c. will allow, it is to be hoped, a poor Church-of-England-man, if not to practise, at least to own his sentiments. They will allow him, perhaps, to have a *soul*. I do not say, that he should be so fool-hardy as to put this assertion in writing, with his name to it. One of the first lessons we Irishmen learn, is to be very cautious not to put our hand to paper rashly. We are advised never to sign any writing, particularly when we are too well aware of the nature of its contents. A petition indeed may be signed, *ex necessitate rei*, without reading it; as, other-

wise, it might never be signed at all. But it certainly requires some boldness, and a pretty tolerable stock of assurance, and power of face, for a man in these times to acknowledge that he believes in God and a revelation. And it must be allowed, that many great geniuses, born for philosophy, and who, with shrewd looks, and very significant shrugs, give us plainly to understand, *they* do not believe in such things; are yet (however doubtful in *this* matter) pretty confident, in others, not quite so certain; indeed rather more confident than would seem to be warranted by the proofs they have yet adduced of their prodigious discoveries. It is a pity they had not been born in the dark ages, to enlighten the world a little sooner, when it wanted it: as, at present, God knows, we have more light than we know well what to do with. To us they are arrived, alas, too late. As several of the best-bred Catholics and Dissenters are agreed on this subject, and have used these new lights; it seems the more necessary to have some Established Church to soften the supernatural glare: and to subdue this too strong effulgence; which might, otherwise, be fatal to our tender organs. The brass mirror of the new philosophy is now polished to such a degree, that to look on it too long, and too directly, might strike the spectator stone blind. Excuse our

weak natures ! Some medium is required for the exquisite faculty of vision.

But as that furnished by the Established Church wants cleaning up a little, and perhaps a slight repair, I would here copy out SWIFT'S "proposal for the advancement of religion, and the reformation of good manners:" only, that it is, first, too long: secondly, it might be interpreted a libel upon the two houses, perhaps in Capel-street: thirdly, a prosecution might be set on foot by their Attorney-General, and King's Coroner the mob, or other great officer of the Crown: fourthly, it is too practicable; and therefore, in this speculative town, could not be recommended, or received, at least, by any man in his senses: fifthly, it is in train to be executed, and is even actually making progress; as we may see from MR. SHAW MASON'S *Parochial Surveys*: sixthly, twenty other reasons which I would here give, only that I fear the reader may have already skipped over the preceding five. One however, of SWIFT'S reasons I shall subjoin, though the reader may start at the unconscionableness of it, for he was certainly a most unaccountable man. He affects to complain, that the State, in appointing to all offices, not only ecclesiastical but *civil* even (which would, no doubt, be more dangerous,) the very last thing it

thinks of is—whether the person is fit for it or no ! And that as to the punctilio, whether the candidate has any the least regard for religion, *that* is never once thought of at all.

I therefore must insist upon the privilege of an author, especially a petitioning one, to put down his own ideas upon any subject; without troubling his head about what the State, or any man, may think or say. And I therefore declare, and hereby enact, for certain reasons best known to myself, that I will not reply to any one who offers to make the smallest opposition or amendment to the following proposal. It has been judiciously remarked by BLACKSTONE, that it might frequently be of use to families, upon sudden emergencies, (and here he carefully guards his reader against any ludicrous applications) if their physician were acquainted with the doctrine of last wills and testaments. Or, at all events, so far at least, as regards the formal part of their execution: for any thing beyond that, it is conceived, it might be rather too much to expect from them in the present state of the science of law. In like manner, it might be equally useful to many gentlemen of the faculty, to know something about religion. At least, to have heard of such a thing as revelation—I mean, among the other topics of news and polite conversation.

And since the physical philosophy of the present, very enlightened day, considers all religions to be alike, and as having no *material* difference; what if these gentlemen were, without waiting for a consultation, to prescribe for the patients the established faith? They often prescribe other things that are, at least, full as harmless. Remember, I do not say that the patient *must* take it. But it might be left for him, at his option, to take it or not. It might be sufficient, just to leave it with him like any other written memorandum, or innocent bottle, that the undertakers so commonly find unopened behind the window-shutter, or other wrong side of the window. If, instead of administering Solomon's nostrums, and other unnecessary doses, what if they would just qualify themselves to read the prayers selected by our Church-service to their dying patients?

I think I may fairly ask this slight admission: that our chymical (and chirurgical) laboratories have not always been the best, or at least, the only schools for divinity? I wish not to ask too much. Now, if the prodigies that issue out of these academies were to have injected into them some little regard for religion, I mean only to serve, by way of allusion or illustration, or the mere nomenclature of it, would they be less consoling ministers about dying persons? But the truth is, no

more ceremony is now used by them in digging up the very roots of revelation, than of any other subject for dissection. What else, pray, can be the meaning of that cant-phrase of *resurrection-men*, as applied to those adroit persons who steal the bodies of their defunct patients? Might not that office be as well expressed by other words, shorter, more significant, and to the full as witty? Might not corpse-stealers, grave-moles, tomb-grubs, sexton-grooms, carcass-iers, and a hundred other names, do just as well. Might not religion be treated with the same *good-manners* we treat every thing else; wherein no one expects us to be without ill-thoughts, but only not to speak them out. Common politeness orders us just merely to keep these to ourselves. Or to instance the very pink of fashionable good-breeding: may we not, in every thing alike, say the direct contrary to what we think; or must we be candid and sincere, only when we are attacking revelation? I ask whether this is impartial, fair, or even gentleman-like? Instead of closing the shutters, when we have a mind to make free with our faith and morals, (as the discreet presbyterian shrewdly advised Charles the Second, once upon a time, to do) what necessity is there to advertise our impudence in open hand-bills, sticking it up in every corner of the streets, to give it

currency: like any other quack-medicine, that one should think, in decency, is hardly fit for the public notice? But I trust that the LAW, the first time it shall ever hear, in its courts, these young surgeons, avowing thus their deeds in open day; will make them, in *their* turn, subjects, not of anatomical dissection indeed, but of that discipline, lecture, and monumental inscription, or scarification, that we sometimes see drawn on the shoulders of other offenders (not *felons* either) before the Royal Exchange; unless, indeed, the mob have already executed, in its manner, a more summary justice upon them at the pump; in order to teach them that men are made up of carcasses—and SOMETHING more.

And now for my project; for I insist upon the privilege of an author to come to his subject in his own way, taking time. Instead of giving the Church to the school of physic, my humble proposal to the two houses in Capel-street, is that the school of physic may be given to the church; of course the furniture of it, with the physicians and surgeons into the bargain. It has often struck me as an unaccountable oversight in modern European policy, the suffering ONE of the three learned professions, that of physic, to roam at large, without that wholesome State-control and patronage, that are exercised over the other two. The Church

and the Bar, qualify their professors, for the first offices in the State. Whereas, there is no analogous, or correspondent communication and system of dependency, between the State and the Faculty. It is strange that the Church of Rome, which has never been considered as wanting in sagacity, or as careless and soft in any matter of temporal interest, over-looked this engine of power; or did it require any *foresight*, to see that the spiritual confessor in the dark ages, did not possess more influence over the minds of men, women, and princes, than a confidential family-physician would have at the present day. In this age it is pretty plain, the care of our bodies has wholly superseded that of our souls. Now I see no reason against innovation in this one respect; provided that, the maintaining the being of God and a revelation be the only one. I think, therefore, it would be conducive to our morals as well as to our health, if no one had a faculty to practise physic, but a clergyman. I fear indeed, that one very obvious objection may here be started. A clergyman might, with a good conscience, take fees for baptizing, marrying, and burying his parishioners, but not for killing them. However, this dilemma is not *absolutely* necessary; and might, I should think, be obviated. I rather think, but I say it with deference, that the new plan would operate

as a kind of insurance of our lives. A sense of religion might promote the safety of both patient and physician in this world, as well as in the next: and thus we should be gainers in a quadruple proportion. I therefore humbly move for leave to bring in a bill to be passed by our Parliament in Capel-street, enacting my proposal in its very words: and assigning a term—as 20 or 30 years hence—from which period it shall begin to operate. The intermediate time may be required for preparation. And though most of the acts of the said Parliament, and all their journals, make it seem possible that a man may at once be a statesman, without any preparation at all—yet health is not so trifling a matter. The nation will mind that great interest at least, however careless it may be about its salvation. The only plausible objection I anticipate to this scheme, is that it might give the clergy too great an ascendancy over the minds of a nation so much devoted to corporeal interests. But this objection is obviated *in limine* by the scheme itself. For not to mention the competition that would arise among the several professors; the act vests all patronage in government. And as to the operation of *this*, let us only turn our eyes towards a very highly learned profession. Do we find that the gentlemen of the long robe, who have nearly as much influence over another

concern (that every man minds more than soul and body put together,) I mean his property—do we find that these personages have the smallest influence over the people's opinion so as to cause a moment's jealousy to any government? I put it to the old and tried experience of all the great crown and constitutional lawyers in Capel-street?

PUBLICOLA,

LETTER SEVENTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

BUT I think I see the reader stretching, and yawning: Religious discussions are so dull and uninteresting in this mercurial age. However, we partisans of the Church are, by use, rendered callous to this. If the dunces are confederated against us, they all together do not amount to more than one tolerable head: and as this head has been discreetly supplied by the Catholic Committee with a single neck, it is the easier to dispatch them at a blow. So cautiously have the Board and

their writers avoided any thing like religious concerns; that one of them (about a couple of winters ago) conjured his antagonist, a clergyman, to abstain from such game; though himself had started it the very instant before. He gave this overpowering reason for it: "Ministers would give £50,000 to engage us in a dispute this session, about the canon-law." If Ministers added £100,000 to that, they could not enable the disputants to understand the question. The trifling matters, by the way, in the north of Europe, at that time, and since at Paris and Vienna, that were engaging the thoughts of Ministers and Parliament; may serve to shew how long-sighted some of our political seers are; what almost prophetic sagacity they enjoy; and how *deep* they are in the secret of great affairs. Really, it is astonishing, how ministers, without *their* intervention, could have brought things about. Fifty thousand pounds, and the canon-law, with the intellects of the public, have been saved. In the meanwhile, France, which had broke loose, has been caught; and brought back to the harness, and the rein. Bonaparte has received a solemn *memento*, that he is only a MAN. Not a stone has been yet pulled down of the Established Church. We have universal peace: and so much plenty, that the people, who, with their counsellors, sel-

dom see farther, at most, than their nose, would, if suffered, eat all up at once: without caring whether they might not starve at some future day, if some husbandry and management were not seasonably interposed. But I protest, I think, this may be managed perhaps full as well, as the other little concerns above-mentioned, without the intervention of either county corn-law meetings, or even of the two houses in Capel-street.

As such a season of peace is favourable to the warfare of the FORUM; it is time to come to that. Let us see whether the Bar is really to take to pieces the Church, or the latter is to reform the other. If the Church were suppressed, either there would no more oaths be administered in plain English as before: or, as this or that sect happened to be uppermost, it might turn out, that there would be no oaths administered at all. And then I leave you to think of the consequence. Since putting religion out of the case, (and we are pretty apt, GOD knows, to leave that out in our enquiries,) that important thing called a RECORD, which brings so much to the REVENUE, might be at a stand. For, how should we be able to distinguish whether the witnesses were humbugging or not? It being in this civilized age the point of honor, down even to the very chimney-sweepers, masqued with soot, in all communications public or

private, to betray nothing in our words, countenance, voice, or manner by which our real meaning can be discovered; or whether we are in jest or earnest. Thus, suppose two persons conversing, and, if possible, without oaths; and one of these a worthy, candid, believing man: this personage, in the judgment of all men of sense, stands convicted of being a fool, if the other can only tell a good plausible lie.

At our jury-trials, there is a drawn-match between the examiner and the witness, which shall be the driest of the two. It is admitted among gentlemen, and we are all gentlemen, that it is dishonorable to be an informer. Therefore, an Irish witness gives no evidence. The object of his being brought upon the table is, not to give evidence; but to defend his own character. His duty is not to betray the truth. He sits as easily and *degagé*-like as he can well affect, on a seat made up out of thorns. In all the forms of law, he is put to the question: and his confession, against himself, is legally extorted. This, no doubt, is a trial of *his* firmness; the judge's ears and patience; the common-sense of the jury; and the wit and correct manners of the BAR. In this *gallant* country, a woman finds a protector every where but in the King's Courts: for the law is sufficient to protect her there, in Courts (not of honor but)

of law. She must pass through the fiery and the water ordeal. In the latter, her character is saved, if she sinks; and if she swims, is drowned. This is the only "*auto da fe* we have yet, in this Christian country. No broiling or roasting at a feast of Cannibal-Indians, is attended with half so much obstreperous shouting and laughter. Whatever must not be said elsewhere, may here be safely said and done, under the protection of the laws. Every one has heard of the French book intitled *CAUSES CELEBRES*. These are certain mysterious trials that interest us, by shewing "that nothing can be satisfactorily proved in a court of justice." They are in the nature of Horace Walpole's account of Perkin Warbeck, or the transactions between Bothwell and the Queen of Scots. These law-novels have the additional interest of abounding with good ribaldry. With us no trial is so thronged by the populace and the BAR, as an action for *crim. con*: a just proof of our taste, morals, and religion. But there we stop. Thanks be to God, and under him to Christianity! the vices of Britons and Irishmen are still MANLY: they must have NATURE at least; and something like a CHARM, to recommend and extenuate them.

The reason why the Theatre takes so little pains to amuse the public is, that our Four Courts make diver-

sion enough for the town, and almost to satiety. These have their farce, comedy, and tragedy; warm with real life; and with, at least, as good a moral. Our pleadings scrupulously observe the three unities, of place, time, and action. The author not only composes the piece, but acts it: the expences of the house are born by the hero. And the audience are admitted gratis. It is also another PAPYRUSEUM, exhibiting in the dress of the BAR and criers, all the various costumes of all parts of the world. It is a panorama of all the characters, persons, and estates of every county in Ireland. It is the principal register-house for private and public servants who are out of place. The *viva-voce* bill of advertisements—the entrepôt of news and scandal. The hall and courts together are not only the principal mart of Dublin, but the grand compting-house, serving to shew how well our merchants can *keep* accompts, and the BAR *take* them. So, in term time, a lover may learn, on a motion-day, the luckiest time and manner to obtain his wished-for, No! There our most *robustuous perriwig-pated fellows*, who have caught a cold or rheum from last night's excess, may, in doing justice to their case, or in undoing it, promote salivation, expectoration, or both. No sweating bath can so completely take away, or give, a fit of the spleen. There a case of pis-

tols carries sometimes more weight and authority than almost the best modern case, or than all the ancient ones. Though some of those indeed sound not unlike a duelling age: as Popham, Dyer, the Dickens', Tallbutt, Ball, Beat'ye, Skulls and L'effroie. Others have, by men of taste, been thought to sound as if men ate and drank their way to the Bar: as Peckwell, Cooper, Bunbury, Salt-kettle, Ventris, Good-bolt, Skinner, Oven, Cook, and Bacon. All there savor, somewhat, no doubt, of good eating. And frequently they go no further than the savor. In such cases they might be justly remunerated, as the Tavern-cook was in Joe Miller. It seems he sent up his bill to a poor man, who used, by walking up and down before the street-door, to relieve, in some degree, his hunger, by the steams issuing from the kitchen. The cook insisted to be paid for this fare. And the judge decreed that the poor man should put a few pence into a purse, and shaking it well, gratify the cook's ears with the sound of that, as a fair return for his entertainment.

But if the Church be suppressed, its members might be provided for at the Bar, and thus this latter profession might be overstocked. For though men's business when they come to the Bar is, doubtless, to fight; yet they can never forget altogether the faculty of eating;

the means by which they arrived there. I know that this age, and this profession, in particular, are extremely happy in making distinctions. It is argued that the Bar cannot, properly speaking, be overstocked. A distinction may be drawn, it is thought, between being *at* the Bar, and having business at it. This is quaintly expressed in the very words of the degree itself, when graciously conferred: "the being called to the utter (or outer) Bar only." Many may be called to the outer Bar, without, I should think, being, on that account, a whit more *within* it. Business is a kind of common, put under the survey and admeasurement of persons, who may, for this purpose, be called, not law-agents, but law-agisters: and who, immemorially, and of right, are accustomed to take the issues and profits of this common by the mouths of certain commonable black cattle only, levant and couchant. It is a common, but with stint. The rest of the herd that we see straying about the penfolds and inclosures, may gratify themselves as much as they please with looking on; which, in none of the cases, has yet been construed a trespass; provided they touch nothing. They always remind me of what I saw one day in a field of two acres, near Dunleary: the grass of which had been either destroyed or parched up by a long drought. There I saw several

hundred head of cattle, with some good milch-cows among them (though there was fairly *space* for thrice as many more.) And their owners were paying a smart weekly price for them; for liberty, I suppose, *to take the air*, there not being a blade of grass for them to eat!

But if any doubt still remain that a line may be drawn between theory and practice in this matter; I must refer you to some of the practitioners themselves. The distinction I know is not noticed in the books; and most practitioners leave the world to indulge that pleasing, and very innocent, error, that they are wonderfully busy, in spite of what every one may be an eyewitness of at the courts. Though one should think that the secret might be still better kept, if they locked themselves up in their study at home. I have heard a good-humoured man declare frankly, that his success had been equal to the most sanguine hopes that had ever been entertained of his merit, in short, he had no business at all. The consequence is, that as places in the Custom-House, are sometimes given to poets; so a lawyer, after walking his probationary rounds a few years, is ordained. But how could this be, if we had no Church: and we are making out, in this part of the argument, a resource for the clergy at the Bar. The

best resource is, the violent propensity our Bar have to enlist. I used to be rather indignant, during the war, at the confidence of a recruiting-serjeant; who would always stop, and beat his drums, ten times louder when he came to the Four-Courts. He knew that nothing more was wanting to clear the Hall in an instant. For all the business of Dublin, is done and undone, either at the Exchange, (by the Bankrupt Commissioners,) or at the King's-Inns-Quay. As this profession has so many resources; to a young man who wants to be provided for, I would recommend the law, as superior to any other business: he may be assured he will not have a *precarious* employment, as he is *certain* of not getting any.

But other inconveniencies might occur if the established Church were suppressed; though I must put this with a query. In the Exchequer there is a usage, by some ancient tenure, for the choristers of St. Patrick's, to appear at a certain day upon the table: and being arrived there, to chant a part of the Cathedral service; as an *acknowledgement*, we are to suppose, for certain lands they hold of the crown. Every Christian present on this occasion, must have been, no doubt, greatly edified to observe the gravity and unction, with which the law-agents attend to this service: confining their

thoughts religiously, to what is then passing; wholly abstracted from any cause they were, but the moment before, and will be the moment after, involved in. It is a most convenient usage. For by this means the attornies, of *that* court, are sure to attend divine-service, at least, once in the year. Would this usage cease, upon repealing the Church establishment? I rather think, not; for it touches the revenue.

But I must mention one case so paradoxical, that I am sometimes in doubt, even about a fact that the most barefaced impugnants of the Church cannot deny, viz.: that it exists, for the present, at least; whatever the Catholic-Committee may hereafter do with it. Often when I have been sitting in the Common-Pleas, kicking my heels, for want of something better to do, I have been puzzling my brains to consider whether the Ordinary might not sue out a *habeas-corpus*, for the bodies of three poor, unoffending, prayer-books, that we see there, confined in chains. I have hunted through all the cases, and cannot find a single one in point. It is said, by his Majesty's Revenue-Lawyers, that there is a precedent for this at the Custom-House. But this is with a query, whether the superior courts are used to follow any precedents on such authority. Others say it is a matter purely of sound discretion. In the absence

of all authorities, the Court of King's Bench might, I should think, hazard the writ. Until that remedial way be taken, it must be owned that so hard a case is apt to cause a confusion of ideas about crimes and punishments in the mind, of a plain man. I will only tell you what effect it had upon myself. At a time when half the seats of the Bar were occupied by the mob; and the former having clean shirts, were of necessity excluded from the other half: if at that moment the foreman of the Jury, at the head of eleven men of a very unclerical appearance, (and some of them suspicious-looking fellows enough) happened to come in, and chose, from waggishness, to rattle the chains a little more than was necessary; I say I have often fallen into a most extraordinary, though momentary, illusion. I protest I have dreamed, I saw in the Jury-box Macheath at the head of his gang, and that we were at the Beggar's Opera!—Were it not that the facetiousness and gentleman-like ease of the Bench, together with the good-humoured compliments cracking between it and the Inner-Bar, instantly reminded me that I was in that Court, where, of all others, according to the old books, in their quaint stile, the Law is said to be, *peculiarly*, at home.

PUBLICOLA.

LETTER EIGHTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

HAVING thus attempted to shew how far it might be convenient to keep up a standard of religion in this part of the united kingdom ; and having met all the ironical objections made thereto by the wits and professional gentlemen : let us now pass to the dis-services done to it by its friends. Here indeed lies the great difficulty of my subject. For it might easily enough laugh at its enemies, did its friends only keep it in countenance. Protesting therefore against the system of the impropiators, alluded to in a former letter—namely, the having no churches at all, or what is almost as bad, there being no congregation to fill them—as in some parts of the country : still I think, all that may be said on this topic, rather goes to prove, that the Church-Establishment should be reinforced and countenanced by the State ; and rather brought into modest assurance, credit, and fashion, than the contrary.

I have already adverted to the handsome accommodations, gratuitous or otherwise, in those Churches that are well attended. This often obliges a bluff Church-of-England-man to go elsewhere in his own defence; it being better to have any religion than none at all; and, it is said, not unfrequently into the Catholic-chapels, where there are no pews; and of course no toll is demanded: and where the congregation, with a characteristic and national hospitality, receive him with a cordial welcome. Which is not a little contrasted in our churches by the manner that many ladies of a certain (rather advanced) age, observe towards any person whom they do not *know*; or who happens not to be among their select acquaintance. One should think that that cold and starched manner, more than half-repulsive, is quite unnecessary; as no overtures are, there, making to them, at that time. One should think that that averted posture might be more affecting, and that excommunicating countenance would have, in *other* places, and seasons, a more peculiar grace and propriety, than at church, on a Sacrament-Sunday.

At a charity-sermon, in the absence of persons of known rank and consequence, one often sees persons (and young persons too) of no extraordinary appearance; who, as they are unknown, can have but little influ-

ence; and, if known, perhaps would have none at all: set up for handing the plate, or at least for ushering it in. On these occasions one is tempted to give an additional sum, apart from that put into the plate, for their own use, as no unfit objects of relief themselves. How far this may apply to the petitioning in general for others, and to the agents and protectors of the Catholic petition in particular, is for the gentlemen in Capel-street to consider. One should think that to mature and promote what so large a proportion of our people have chosen to set their hearts upon, would require the auspices at least of the first subjects of the kingdom: if not, rather his Majesty's ministers, or even the Lord Lieutenant himself. These, too, might hit upon the least unfavourable time, and manner, of urging such a petition. But I suppose it is understood that no one has the conscience or face to ask them, to have the conscience and face to present, gravely, to Parliament a humble address, to set aside its own religion; especially after it had been flatly refused before, at least twenty times; and not quite two years ago for the last time.

But we do not here attribute their full merit to the Catholic-Committee. One would think that a declaration of war is a different thing from an invitation or a petition. In the former, it is not usual to employ the

most *acceptable* persons to draw it up in the first instance : for as to the affair of presenting it, that is left to take care of itself. Really the persons for whom they make, or affect to make, this petition, are infinitely obliged to them. It reminds me of the story in the lines of the ancient Philosophers. Certain persons were out at sea, and in the ship there were two or three philosophers who had written against the Gods. A storm came on, when they all fell to prayers, and among them the philosophers also : “ Hush !” says one of the crew, “ do “ not pray quite so loud. As we shall, to a certainty, be “ all sent to the bottom, if it should reach the ears of “ the Gods, that you are on board.”

But to return to our friends of the establishment. In Swift’s time, people used to sleep in church ; now they flirt only. Indeed I wonder any one should ever have pitched upon such a place for a dormitory. By the advice of physicians, for these are the high-priests of *this* age, and often they lay our church-service under a general interdict ; a large iron-stove being heated, and the windows opened, with doors and curtains constantly ventilating the air, this puffs in so as to flap continually one’s attention, and to keep it awake. Then the privilege of sleeping supposes a pew, or a bench, since it is hard to sleep standing. Besides, the preacher, congregation,

and organ, may occasionally make too much noise. Add to this, the interesting *tête-a-têtes* held every where around you : all which suggest the most opposite sensation in the world to that of sleeping. And as women always form the larger part of every congregation, (not being philosophers, you know, or *men* of business); and as a meeting takes its character and denomination from the majority; the congregation may be said to have something else to do. How can they forget the very purpose for which they came there—tearing themselves from some dear little novel at the fire-side or their domestic broils, to observe and note what progress dress has made during the last week—not caring so much about the *stocks* as whether the bosom rises or falls—in which hand the watch is to be carried, with its adjunct, the prayer-book—and in which the *ridicule* or *chapeau-de-bras* ; according as this, or that, is most orthodox, by the last-arrived canon from Paris. Then, too, sleep is hazardous, as most people are apt to talk in their sleep, and without thinking. A lady might thus innocently betray a secret without the merit of intending it; it being difficult to have one's discretion on guard, sleeping as well as waking : that is, with correct and all due regard to times, places, and consequences. But otherwise there might be no harm in declaring

what, perhaps, half, the world knows pretty well already.

It must be granted, in spite of our friends, that a house of worship, is not the only place where men of fashion (and women) may exercise their privilege and birth-right of coming in late to disturb the company. May we no where else exhibit the three critical perfections of shrugging up the shoulders, simpering and yawning? Can we not with full as good a grace refuse alms to a battered beggar in the streets, as to a well powdered one, offering to you an emptied silver-plate. Cannot a man of principle, bilk his landlady for his lodgings, as well as the sextoness for his pew. Is it the only convenient place for passing a bad half-crown, or even upon necessity, a pound-note? Why should watches be so frequently pulled out, there, in particular, and every minute consulted, by persons who never kept an appointment in their lives? May not the most graceful salutations be practised in a thousand other places and postures, full as naturally, as while kneeling in a pew? And here I must mention a phenomenon that I would anxiously recommend to the faculty for solution: I have often observed in the month of June, when every body is in perfect health and spirits, upon a plain inoffensive sermon, the church is in a continual

hubbub with the discordant sounds of sneezing, hemming, and blowing of noses ; a sort of music not unaccompanied by a scraping of feet on the floor in just unison. While, on the other hand, in the month of December, a season when all the world have, without affectation real coughs and rheums, in good earnest ; still if any thing that may be mistaken for a pamphlet is delivered from the pulpit, there is the stillest silence. So universal is the attention that scarce a breath is heard. But upon reflection, this phenomenon may perhaps be accounted for, not so much from physical, as from moral causes : and therefore this seems not so proper a case for the faculty ; nor (but this is said with all deference) within its jurisdiction. An eloquent sermon is a libel upon the actions of the week ; and each hearer charitably applies it to his next neighbour. It seems to abound with the finest strokes of wit and *personality* : and therefore is, I think, mistakenly avoided by many fashionable preachers ; who propose, thus, to rise in their profession.

It is true the friends of the Establishment have by no means the spirit of that invidious thing called proselytism. This is the characteristic of its enemies only. But there is one term I wish we could banish from our conversation : the epithet of “ kiln-dried ;” as applied

currently to those who have, using their own judgment, chosen to conform to the established faith. The logicians familiarly use the phrase of "an exclusion of a conclusion;" but it is a new phrase altogether "an exclusion of an admission." May I presume to conjecture as to a few reasons why we have introduced among us this foreign term. 1st. It is paying a high and most deserved compliment, no doubt, to our own forefathers; who conformed too, some time or other. 2d. Conscious of our own sincerity we give to others every, and all due, credit for theirs also. 3d. As it is said that "none but a villainous bird befouls its own nest," it is possible this term is a strange egg, dropped into our nests by our enemy; in order, that when hatched, the young cuckoo may shoulder and pinion out the rest of the legitimate young brood. 4th. What need we care how we rate and name proselytes, to a thing, when we do not care one farthing for the thing itself. 5. Perhaps some think our church full enough already; our party is made up, the table will not accommodate any more. 6. Some of the new-comers might be intitled to an upper seat perhaps at the *head* of the table; as the late Dean of Killala; and the present Bishop of Meath; and then we must sit lower. 7. Fashion like trade or farming, loves to monopolize: a woman of fashion could

not endure a thing that is worn by every body. 8. Perhaps we only affect to say we do *not* care for proselytes ; merely because we *do* : with our usual regard to sincerity on all other occasions. 9. In the race of Proselytism we must undergo a good deal of exertion ; spare diet ; and regimen : to prepare ourselves for it, and to maintain our ground. But as these are out of fashion, it would degrade us to enter the lists, and to contend with those sturdy fellows, the dissenters ; or those other spare nimble-footed, but strong-lunged, heroes, the methodists, and Jesuits. We therefore very prudently decline all competition ; and by declaring off in time, clearly save our honor, at least, whatever becomes of our religion.

There is yet another reason in reserve : for we find a hundred reasons whenever we have a mind to do wrong ; though ONE always presents itself to do right. We do every thing in our power to discourage proselytes, because the people, else, would of themselves come over to us. Some time ago, nothing could hinder them to do this if we would but have asked it : but, at present to ask it, might be the only effectual way to hinder it : and we do not care enough about the matter, to go *this* length. Lest however, they might come over, an opposition party steps in between. I do not mean that kind of opposition, so necessary to keep our Constitution on its good

behaviour: and gladly do I hail, whenever they will let me, a Grenville, a Wellesley, a Grattan, or a Ponsonby, at the head of such an opposition. Why might they not always be so! To such men however, I do not here mean to allude: but to those who oppose for opposition's-sake. And this arises partly from that love of contradiction in human-nature; but chiefly from a famished and canine hunger after places and pensions, that have produced several great fortunes and families in Ireland. So insatiable have the founders of these houses been, that it has been said "if the government could give them all IRELAND for an estate, they would still ask the ISLE of MAN for a potatoe-garden." Nor have their descendants of this day, degenerated in this quality; and they are praise-worthy for it. By a native principle of resiliency, they would relapse into their primitive nothingness unless they could succeed in marring the consummation of the public prosperity; and in intercepting from our poor generous people! the bounty of Heaven, and under it of our Church and State. They would be weak indeed to give up the only occupation they have left in order to pass for something?

On the other hand our friends are equally careful to make known their *carelessness* about the establishment

The distinctive mark now of a liberal man, is to respect every other man's religion, but his own. As a man is generally most bountiful out of his own parish. He is accommodating to the Jew, the Turk, and the Pagan—to every religion on earth, but that alone that has a claim upon him. This is honour, policy, and the high-road to popularity. Accordingly this time is judiciously chosen by the wary Jesuits, to try whether there is any thing that you will *not* grant? And you have only to super-add power, offices, and dignities, to your competitors to give them every motive in the world to remain as they are. First, duly, no doubt, taking away every motive from our own side—if THAT were possible: there remains only the additional last triumph, to own that we and our forefathers have been all along in a blunder; thus finishing—the *amende honorable*.

But, after all, disgraced and betrayed as the Church is, a generous mind would still, (and the rather, on that very account,) stand by it, even though no one should follow the example. Our Church looks like a gentlewoman still, as she would, though even in rags.—Even to a man of MERE TASTE, she is preferable to any other. Her form comes nearest, humanly speaking, to ideal beauty. What is the definition given by the best writers of “ideal beauty?” taking the Venus-de-

Medicis for their illustration: This statue surprisingly resembles every other undeformed woman on earth, more or less; but not too much any one woman in particular. For every individual woman has a something or other, either too much or too little, in her features, proportions, stature, &c. And it is this very particularity which constitutes ugliness. So our Church is the duly-balanced and happy MEDIUM between all other Christian Institutions, as the State, its relation, is so between all other political ones.

With regard to those modern apostles of proselytism, the ORANGEMEN; a kind of church-militant, and honest drinking knights, that have established themselves into an order to make acquisitions in the name of the Established Church; I give these good fellows credit for their gallant intentions; I am sure they do not mean ill. Let them only be diligent and sober; and then continue like good constables to watch over the King's peace keeping down, along with all other insurrectionary movements, the too great ebullitions of their own "*robustuous*" faith and loyalty. Let them remember, that, as they possess Irish hearts themselves, it is also with Irish hearts they have to contend. It is not with drums and hogsheads only that this kind of warfare is to be carried on. It is a magnanimous contention of Chris-

tian kindness; of obedience to the laws; of bravery; of honour; of courtesy. These are the arms to subdue Irishmen with. An Irishman cannot find it in his heart to refuse a welcome entrance to any gentleman-like and truly-royal demeanour—no, it is not in his nature! Let but our congregations conduct themselves in a manner worthy of the high court they are in; shewing the effects of it beyond its walls, at all other places and times:—let but our churchmen, as they may to-morrow (nor am I prepared to say they do not so at this instant) stand blameless—and if the Prince Regent, or his daughter, the future Elizabeth of the United Kingdom, were but to stretch forth her hand and invite the Catholic population to come over to us, I will undertake to say, they would pitch their petition into the fire; and in a mass, flock to our churches—carrying along with them their clergy, almost all to a man.

PUBLICOLA.

LETTER NINTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.

SIR,

SOME of those newspapers that are well-affected to the Catholic-Committee, have lately thought proper to characterise *ironically*, I suppose, the Established Church as the religion of the STATE only; and the Roman-Catholic religion, as that of the COUNTRY. They are ever making, we know, all due and respectful distinctions. The Dissenters, by the way, are left out in the above survey: yet I thought that some parts of the country had been over-run by these also. Perhaps all that these scribes meant to convey, (as they are ever kindly telling the Church its faults) was that it does not keep its farm quite so clean as it should be. That it does not till diligently, nor sow sufficiently; and that therefore, for want of corn fields, the soil, being rich, runs naturally into grass and pasture, or thistles. Possibly too, here and there, the Devil, seeing no corn sown, thought there might be no harm in raising a crop of tares, rather than let the ground lie absolutely idle. Per-

haps, in their clemency, the Committee will receive as some apology, that the church had neither leisure nor inclination, to improve its farm of late, while there was a law-suit depending for the title and property of the whole island with France; but, I understand, it has lately obtained a decree in its favour, which sets *that* question at rest for ever.

A little good political husbandry and œconomy might remedy all this; if the church could once get over its *vis inertiae*. Our late Statistical enquiries, and at the head of these, *the Parochial Survey* of Mr. SHAW MASON, may shew what farmers we have been, and might be. And if this useful work does this; if, recommending the husbandry of the human mind, as well as of the ground, it causes one idea to shoot, or one moral energy to grow where none budded before: I agree then with Swift, that the author of it is a better friend to Ireland than all the theoretical philosophers, and financiers, it ever threw up yet, put together.

To suppose that corn will grow of itself, if things are left to a state of nature—that the poor may be trusted to their *condition* to educate them, is highly favourable, no doubt, to human exertion, and to the activity of the WILL. It is thus, no doubt, that every invention and monument of art have been produced throughout the

world. Virtue, to be sure, is purely *natural*: and not as the world always thought, the produce of intense exertions, properly applied. Instead of this application, we have only to fall into a passive indifference and self-abandonment, when every thing great and good on this earth will start up, and take care of itself. This was not, however, the law our Maker imposed upon us: His injunction, I thought, had been the direct contrary. And, as a further penalty for the breach of this, we must retrocede if we do not advance; and then nature, and the country, as it is called, will gain ground upon us.

But ought not the State, in Capel-street, and the other Protectors of the church, to declare whether it is their pleasure that it shall continue or not? It seems, that to declare, "the king not to be the lawful heir of this realm," is high treason. So also, that "the Parliament cannot bind the succession." But to say that the church is not the established religion, is not even a misdemeanor. And to deny or doubt the being of God and of Revelation, has raised some men (Mr. Hume and Voltaire, in particular) from the lowest poverty, insignificance, and obscurity, to a state of the highest celebrity and affluence.

As wise men always put the best face upon a thing, and enterprising ones the best leg foremost; so we may observe, that the framers of the late petitions advert to their own great merit, qualifications and other high pretensions; but not a word is said of the people. Ought we not to see these first provided for, as to cloathing, food, and lodging? As to education, they are at present even worse than not provided for. It is not merely a negative education they receive. But it is only upwards the legislators in Capel-street direct their views. Those at Westminster, however, direct their views to more ordinary objects. They are not quite so abstracted in their speculations: and are apt more to have their eyes and ears about them. They are not like the old philosopher, who in contemplating the stars, fell into a well; nor our modern Adam Smith, who, while warmly explaining to a couple of Polish noblemen, his theory of the Wealth of Nations, fell into a tan-pit. The legislators (at Westminster) think that something still better may be done for Ireland; than providing for a dozen of gentlemen, who, it seems, can write and read already; and rather too well. A deeper, more radical, and general relief must be thought on. In many fine Dublin establishments, the street before the door is well swept, the hall is clean,

and the drawing-room splendid; but shrewd men would wish, like Swift, to run up stairs and inspect the garrets, and then down into the scullery, to see that all is right there also. For we must not stop at the kitchen which no doubt, sometimes wears a good appearance: particularly on those days, of all others, that are set apart by a PROCLAMATION *for a general fast*. Such a day, we know, is always a day of rejoicing. The government (at Westminster) are tall enough to peep on tip-toe, or can at least direct their engineering views over the heads of these tall grandees that have lately screened the poor Catholic population from our eyes. It has amused itself long enough already with making men of straw, to oppose itself afterwards. This is too trite, and worn out a leaf of politics. It is time now, were it only for the novelty and originality of the thing, to do something in real dull earnest for the country at large.

Allow, therefore, a plain Church-of-England-man humbly to propose that the Church may be kept up at least nominally. We shall have then ONE day in the week, out of seven, for a general scouring-day, of the house and person at least. We chimney-sweepers, scullions, coal-carriers and hardware-men, authors and printers, crave leave to unmask our faces and hands on that one day only; and to shew that our countenance,

if not altogether divine, is at all events human. A little self-restraint for a few hours, to give fresh spring and vigour to the extravagant feats of the week. That church and school may at least be left *open* in every parish. That if any persons should be so fantastical as to go to the one and send their children to the other, the law, which, they say, does sometimes, may connive at such an enormity: especially if the harmless principles imbibed there do not break out into practice. That as very little or nothing of *this* kind, very heinous, can be yet brought home to us, a gracious Act of Amnesty may issue as to the past.—Or perhaps, for further security, some annual act may be passed, on the principle of the insolvency ones. For weak people have an insurmountable propensity to trespass into such enclosures. They cannot be expected you know, to be all great men: or to set up for the most perfect independency of thought, speech, and action. They set up to be small offenders only. Perhaps as all wise legislators sanction and authorise what they cannot help; a licence might be given (unstamped.) That with all submission this will be no innovation: It will only be restoring ancient establishments, to have a church and school in each parish; as we are informed these have not only been tolerated, but authorised, in

the United Kingdom, time out of mind, though not indeed kept up within the memory of any living person. But that such things as Christianity and public education have once existed; there is good authority to be found in curious old manuscript histories of undoubted credit and veracity.

Other acts of enormity cannot, by any ingenuity be brought home to your humble petitioners. It is said, on the testimony of credible persons that divers of his majesty's subjects are so contumacious as to be seen in great numbers, considerably above the number of twelve, (the limited complement of those who may present petitions to the House) gathered together on Sunday in an appointed place of meeting: when they hear a man holding forth on topics that bode nothing good, to the legislature in Capel-street. And what is still worse it is attended with this aggravation: the English Church is not only their place of meeting, but they are observed as to what is there said, to be mightily attentive.

It has also been made manifest, by the report of the *Secret Committee*; that there is a plot going on by Scotsmen and Englishmen (for Irishmen, or many at least, are not implicated in this charge) to institute what they pretend to call Sunday-schools: They throw out that they are educating a *whole people at once*: an

expression that savors strongly of treason. It appears further, that they have raised funds out of their own pockets, (thus taxing his majesty's subjects) to carry on this treasonable enterprise. Several overt acts may it seems, be proved. They have distributed the country, statistically into parishes in order the better to subdivide their doings: so that the whole wears the face of a formed conspiracy. If this be suffered to go on it may spread; and it may be necessary to send a deputation to the court of Rome to discourage such practices. But above all to make haste: as the people may take a liking to, it if not prevented; and then it may be impossible to keep them down. An insurrection of this sort broke out the other day, at Venice; but happily as that was in the vicinity, it was seasonably quelled. There is a book, too, in every body's hands, by one WILLIAM SHAW MASON, who is crimping, drilling, and forming the clergy and schoolmasters with their scholars into regiments; they are well accoutred and armed; and are regularly reviewed and, some, paid—Overtures, it is said, have been made to the Roman Catholic clergy to join them; which would have succeeded, but for their loyalty. Summonses too have been issued to the landlords and bishops; under the stale and impossible pretence that it is only to reside, and inspect

their ordinary charge: but in truth to head this insurrection against the State in Capel-street. That a knight called Pat. Duigenan and a baronet of the name of Musgrave, are most active stirrers in this affair, or at least well-wishers to it. The latter, in particular, has been distributing a production called the "Protestant Advocate," which he affects to say is a perfectly innocent and harmless thing, but which in truth is pregnant with sedition. Further, as it has been sagaciously laid down "that when our people renounce whiskey, it must be for some worse design," it is plain that something extraordinary is going on, which may set people's heads at work.

The report of the Secret Committee goes on to say, that the people are acquiring English very fast: a language in the judgment of all writers, particularly adapted to sedition. For as is observed in a little tract by a judicious Englishman Mr. Hall, who has lately come over here, and has taken an active interest in this revolutionary enterprise, and who has a planning head, (of the Homeric cast, worth twelve modern ones,) "sedition, is not confined to the Irish language merely, but often exhibits itself in pretty good English." It is becoming a matter of as general consumption as soap, starch, or candles: it varies with the price of sugar: but like salt, is not so heavily taxed, being considered

now a necessary of life. So general is the consumption of this article that as many shops are opened for it, as for whiskey itself (the staple commodity of Ireland.) Nay, it has often superseded the sale of this. Though the lowest prices are taken for it; yet rapid fortunes are made by the vendors. We are informed in Mr. Hall's tract, addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, that the sellers of this article, though not using, nor really caring for it themselves, more than for any other vendible drug, (and grocers, we know, never eat their own figs) dispose of it, not to do mischief, but merely to make a fortune: not caring (as the discreet quaker once advised) how money is made, provided they can make money. In this way, Mr. Hall goes on shewing, that the native Irish are daily getting over their shyness and prejudices against the Saxon idiom. There is a danger even, it is thought, that the Irish language will fall into popular disuse: However this sacrifice, if it were all, might be supported: no doubt it links us with other *times* and *countries*; but it may be a question, whether, instead of the common-people, a safer bond of connection might not be made up through critics and antiquaries. "Heretofore," says Mr. Hall, "the only Saxon, the Welch and native Irish loved, was the king." But now as they find sedition so savory, they may chance to extend their affections to all his people without dis-

inction. “And it is a curious fact, that forged country bank-notes have promoted the study of English:” as that language has been found full as useful for over-reaching credulous people in money-matters as in State-ones.— This long report, after noticing Mr. Hall’s book as of the most dangerous tendency, against all legislatures but that at Westminster forsooth! goes on, and proceeds to say, that it will be impossible to govern the people longer, if this is suffered to continue. It is, therefore, for the Lords and Commons to consider whether martial law ought not to be proclaimed. Several Catholics and Dissenters have been seen at the above illegal meetings. Further, information has been given, that several 100,000 copies of a book, purporting (but which plainly sets aside the Pope’s whole authority) to be “a translation of the scriptures,” have been sold at low prices; nay sometimes distributed gratis; and bought or accepted with as much assurance, as Payne’s pamphlets and pikelets were some years ago, in the memory of all persons then and now living. It is thought that if the House’s Serjeant at Arms be dispatched with a general search-warrant, some copies may be detected at the head (or foot) of many of the conspirator’s beds, or behind some trunk concealed. One LANCASTER, and BELL, too, are playing the deuce: an eye should be

kept to them. There are pictures also (thus exactly following the methods resorted to by the corresponding and other Societies in London in the year 1793, or thereabouts,) to be found in SHAW MASON'S book, of feudal-castles, monasteries, &c. in ruins: a plain hint how he would wish to serve all religious establishments. While, at the same time, he is for repairing and keeping up, and for supplying with ammunition *de bouche* and *de guerre*, the houses where all the above illegal meetings are held.

That, it is true, a very fine regiment of Jesuits have been lately brought into Cork (under the late Act of Parliament): but it is thought these will hardly be sufficient to keep the people down, a year longer. That, though certain hot publications against these meetings were landed at the Custom-house the other day, they were seized by his Majesty's own Revenue-officers (in the plot no doubt) for not paying duty: and besides it is thought there is no great use in smuggling these over any more; as these people have voluntarily renounced brandy, as well as all other strong waters. The rebels have even threatened the newspaper-stills, pretending that these are illicit, and are included in the act of Parliament: as if it belonged to *them* to enforce Acts of Parliament; or as if these could not enforce themselves!

Further, it is recommended in the Report, that as several Members of Parliament have staid away lately from the proceedings in Capel-street, there should, it is humbly thought, be an instant call of the house, to give the greater solemnity to their deliberations. That all the great officers, the State-Physician, and State-Surgeon, be ordered to attend in their places. "That a self-denying ordinance," to accept of no place or pension be taken by all the members: to remain in force, at least, till the State be well purged by a reform in the representation of the people; as without such exorcism, it is thought not a place of sufficient sanctity for such holy persons to enter into, &c. I must refer the House to the Report itself, on its table, as every thing will there appear fully, and more at large.

But still, with all humility, I contend for it, that none of these charges can be brought home to us. It is humbly hoped, that a poor two hours loss to the activity and feats of the week might be borne in the present flourishing state of our trade, manufactures, and revenue: That the design called the "Established Church," has never gone further than upon paper; it is a mere dead letter, or, at the most, a dormant theory, that has never yet broke out into any overt acts. Such a plot may be discovered to have once ex-

isted in contemplation, indeed; as we shall find upon turning to certain Acts or Statutes of a Parliament held at a place called Westminster; a long time ago, beyond the memory of any living person. That then, and there, such a conspiracy was laid down, we, to our shame and sorrow, no doubt, do confess. But it has never been reduced to practice; and we aver, that no external sign (or act) is visible in this town, or elsewhere in the dominions of the Board: at least, so far as can be traced to your petitioners. That we go to that place called a church, for amusement and diversion only, just to hear the history of the transaction, slightly called to our recollection, by a person, gravely commenting thereon. We really never think more of it, upon shutting up the doors, and coming away. It is a pure harmless piece of dissipation to those who have humble abilities: and a mere exercise of wit to those who have high ones. For no man is so mad in these days, as to pretend to make it a rule of action. We can defy the utmost malice of our accusers to say that it has induced us to commit any flagrant enormity of that kind. And if they do, no twelve men, in their senses, would believe them.

Further we crave to be tolerated only thus far; since if we had not something to dissipate us on Sunday, we might be occupied in worse games. And that any thing dangerous to the state in Capel-street may be timely prevented, what if the house would graciously be pleased to order a guard of soldiers to attend only at the door to keep the peace? Thus any outrageous offender who gives signs that he is likely to break out into any of the above-said overt acts may be quietly put down, or up, as the case may be. We suggest in this nice affair that it might be inconvenient for the MOB to act as Divisional Magistrates: as the precedent, it is conceived, might be applied to other cases not so excusable. But we humbly crave that the church may be not wholly repealed, at least, by one sweeping act. That the wise deliberations of the House may not be too hasty; and a short respite, barely, be granted, as was lately to the slave-trade—if it were just five years only, considering the present imposing attitude of Europe with regard to the United Kingdom.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

&c.

PUBLICOLA.

FINIS.



Buchb.

Letters of Publicola, or a modest defence of the established church

Dublin 1815

Polem. 1595 n

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